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THE  
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SEMI-MONTHLY

A MISCELLANY & REVIEW *of* BELLES LETTRES



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# THE CHAP-BOOK

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SEMI-MONTHLY

April 15, 1898

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## NOTES

THE PAST FORTNIGHT has been harder on the proprietors of newspapers than on almost any other class, and never has it seemed so difficult for the opponents of sensational journalism to maintain a calm attitude. It is one thing to refrain from sending out reporters to invent some new tale of vice and crime; it is another and a much more difficult thing to refuse space to the wild rumors and reports which spring up spontaneously and inevitably in such times as this. The conservative newspaper sees the public fighting for copies of its sensational rival; it sees itself called cowardly and unpatriotic, and it finds its followers dropping away. It is currently reported that one Chicago daily saw its circulation fall off 30,000 in one week because it was defending the President's deliberate policy. Meanwhile, the yellow journals have forged ahead rapidly. Their sensationalism has been as unscrupulous and, perhaps, as dangerous as ever, but it has at least been cleaner than before. So the former panderers to viciousness have played freely on our better emotions. "D—the truth," telegraphed one editor to his Washington correspondent, "send us something that will sell the paper."

There was a great deal of talk of how the commercial interests of Wall street were paralyzing any warlike policy the President might have; it was as equally true that the commercial interests of a good part of Newspaper Row were being exerted as strongly in favor of conflict.

The peace policy was, perhaps, worse than the war policy, but it is to be regretted that the nation was not allowed to guide itself. The newspapers have been attempting to guide and follow public opinion at the same time; the public has neither had sane advice, nor simple expression of its own opinions.

IF WAR CAUSES JOY in newspaper offices, it has not such effect on other branches of the writing profession. With military music sounding in the ears, the clamor of novelists and poets seems very small to the public. The nerves get somewhat too unsteady for quiet reading, at home. If one wants amusement other than reading the newspapers, one goes to the theaters, where there is always patriotic music and generally pictures of the Maine. The spring publishing season is in danger of being stillborn.

NO ONE WILL DENY the effect for good which Mr. Kipling is exercising upon the poetry of the day and the people who read it, for he has brought thousands to the perusal of his volumes who had read no verse since childhood; but it is worth reminding those who look for too much that his originality shows itself chiefly in the subject-matter, and not in the forms of verse he uses. In the latter respect he has been singularly conservative, restraining his Muse, for the most part, within the limits of well-tried and thoroughly-approved measures. Of these, the old-fashioned ballad meter—"fours and threes," or iambic heptameter with a caesural pause at the end of the fourth foot—this, or a trochaic adaptation of it, is his favorite. Minor critics of poetry have taken lately to calling every one who ventures upon this measure "an imitator of Kipling," whether their poetic style has a tithe of the robustness of his or not. This is occasionally varied, as in the case of Mr. Henry Newbolt's sea-songs, by the statement that he "has escaped imitating Mr. Kipling." As it is perfectly accurate to say of any rhymester or songsmith, whatever his product or abilities, that he either does or does not resemble Mr. Kipling—and, as this makes up nearly all the stock in trade of the minor critic, it has the effect of making his extensive influence appear overwhelming.





BUST OF W. E. HENLEY

BY RODIN

Perhaps Mr. W. E. Henley carries this idea further than most of his contemporaries when he says, in his *Lyra Heroica*, respecting Macaulay's *The Last Buccaneer*—

The winds were yelling, the waves were swelling,  
The sky was black and drear,  
When the crew with eyes of flame brought the ship  
without a name  
Alongside the last Buccaneer.

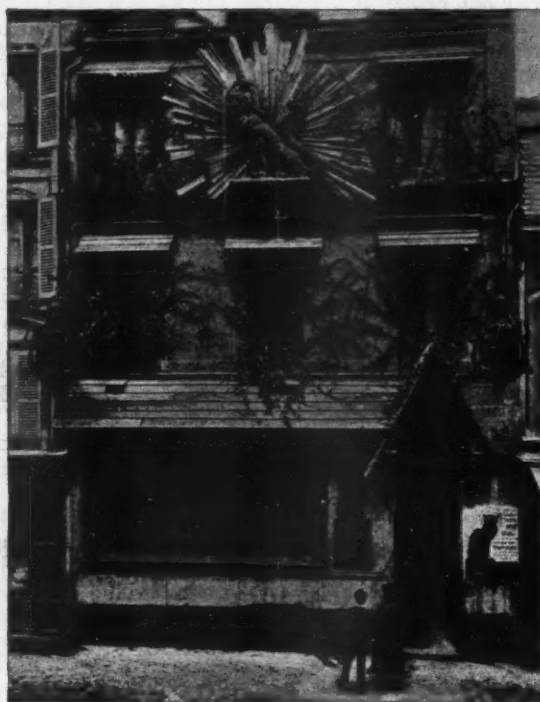
that it is "a curious anticipation of some effects of Mr. Rudyard Kipling." Taken with the rest, this has an air of making Matthew Arnold's least liked of poets write these lines for that deliberate purpose. Why not say, "Mr. Kipling has followed with curious accuracy some of the effects of Lord Macaulay?" It does not make against a reputation to admit that its owner is, like the rest of mankind, "an heir to the ages." Nor does this criticism of jejune critics deny the fact that Mr. Kipling borrows to adorn in many cases.

"TOMMY ATKINS," for those who do not at once connect the name with a certain musical comedy called *The Gaiety Girl*, is associated with Mr. Kipling. And as most of us think of Kipling as the literary discoverer of the British Army, we have generally supposed that "Tommy Atkins" was a nickname denoting the most affectionate regard. It is rather as a shock, then, that we find, in the

United Service Magazine, an army chaplain protesting against the use of the name. It even appears that some years ago Lord Wolseley made an official appeal to the officers of the army, asking them to discontinue the use of the expression. "I won't call him 'Tommy Atkins' myself," he said, "for I think it a piece of impertinence." Lord Wolseley's view of the origin of the name must be, of course, that it is to be found in the soldier's "small book" of useful information. In this, until lately, there was given an imaginary clothing account as a model between the Government and Thomas Atkins.

There is another account of the origin of the phrase which has a fine romantic tinge, and which, if accepted, might pacify the opponents of the name. It appears that in 1857, when the Mutiny broke out in India, the Europeans in Lucknow, in their precipitate flight to the Residency met a private of the 32d regiment (Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry) on sentry duty. They told him to make his escape with them, but he would not, and was killed. His name happened to be Thomas Atkins, and so throughout the Mutiny campaign, when a daring deed was done, the doer was said to be "a regular Tommy Atkins."

A YEAR AGO THE CHAT NOIR in Paris was demolished, shortly after the death of its founder, Rodolphe Salis. By many in Paris, and, indeed everywhere, this was felt to be a great mistake. So many literary and artistic reputations had been made there that it seemed like stopping up a great fount of artistic activity. This feeling



CABARET DU CHAT NOIR





of regret has made such progress that the cabaret is to be built again, exactly as it stood, and under the direction of Mme. Salis to start upon a new career. The various decorations will, of course, be the black cat in various forms. And the black cat as depicted by some of the Chat Noir's

total orders were increased to the figure of 68,000. In a way this was exactly what one ought to have been able to predict, for Zola was a martyr to all foreigners, and only to a few Frenchmen.

It is curious to find that each Zola novel divides itself with exactness into certain fixed proportions



artists, notably Steinlen, is enough to give a reputation for genius.

THE PROBABLE EFFECT on the sale of Paris of the Zola trial was much discussed, and now that the figures are at hand, no one seems to have guessed quite correctly. France has bought

for Paris, the provinces, and l'étranger. Paris takes one-fifth, a second fifth goes to the railway bookstalls, a fifth to the provincial booksellers, and two-fifths abroad. Of the books sent abroad, Russia takes most, then Germany, England, and Italy, in the order named.

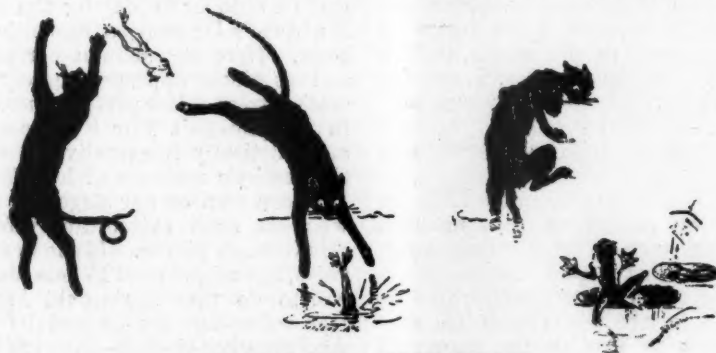
This absorption of French books by Germany is



less, and foreign countries more on account of Zola's connection with the Dreyfus case. Before the trial 63,000 copies of Paris had been ordered by booksellers. Before the day of publication, 10,000 of these orders were canceled in France. But 15,000 extra orders were received from other countries, so that on the day of publication the

a little surprising. For Germany herself publishes more than twice as many books as France every year. France brings out about 10,000; Germany from 20,000 to 25,000.

MR. AUGUSTIN DALY has his faults, but we should be a nation of ingrates if we did not recog-



LE CHAT ET LA GRENOUILLE  
BY STEINLEN

nize him as the only American manager of the present time who retains respect for the classic drama, and, in defiance of degenerate public taste, dares to revive it. He has lately closed a season which, in spite of ominous beginnings, must, on the whole, have proved successful financially, as well as artistically. It seems very strange that in the revival of *The Country Girl*, Miss Ada Rehan should have won one of the greatest successes of her career. And yet, this fact may serve to throw light on Miss Rehan's qualities as an actress. Peggy Thrift is a wholly humorous rôle, and no actress can play it without a marvelous gift of impersonation and a keen humor of her own. Miss Rehan has repeatedly shown that she possesses a delightful humor, and she has also shown that it is very hard for her to be serious without being artificial. In *The School for Scandal*, for example, with which Mr. Daly has lately wound up his season, after succeeding admirably in expressing Lady Teazle's coquetry and lightness, she goes to pieces in trying to show what depth there really was in the woman. Nevertheless, let us be thankful for having a Lady Teazle who can look and dress the part as Miss Rehan does. All reports of ill health to the contrary, the actress has never looked better than she has looked this winter. As Lady Teazle she wore the most fetching white wig seen on the stage in many a day; moreover, it softened her face, and brought out the beauty of those delicious blue eyes, and it even added a charm to that bewitching smile. Mr. Charles Richman also looked very fine as Charles Surface, but alas! his merits all lay in his physique and his clothes. What chances this young man has had—and missed. Only once this season has he done satisfactory work, as the dashing young Irishman in *Number Nine*. Miss Rehan really ought to have a better foil. The Sir Peter of the cast, that experienced actor, Mr. Edwin Varrey, made very little of the part; indeed, he merely walked through it, giving it almost no color or animation. Mr. W. F. Owen, who was altogether competent in the thankless rôle of Sir Oliver, could have played it much better. Good work was done by Mrs. Gilbert as Mrs. Candour, who always acts with spirit and with luminous intelligence, and by nearly all of the players assigned to the minor parts. Indeed, the general effect of the production was excellent. Mr. Daly had, as usual, taken liberties with the text, this time changing the sequence of the scenes, though just what he gained by the transposition, no one but Mr. Daly knows, and Mr. Daly never explains!

THE OBJECT OF MR. CLEMENT SCOTT in starting the recent discussion concerning the dangers of stage life and the immorality of actresses, is now shown to be a religious one. It had seemed before either cheap sensationalism, or, at least, cheapish morality. But the matter is apparently not to be taken lightly at all, and we give Mr. Scott credit for the sincerity of his purpose. The Church is to furnish the safeguard against evil influences. "Catholicism," he says, "when conscientiously practiced, is the amulet or

charm to defend its wearer from all sorts and conditions of professional life."

We do not know whether the Roman church is generally ready to assume the responsibility of allowing young women to go on the stage, trusting to its safeguards. When Mme. de Navarro waited on Cardinal Manning, after her retirement from the stage, he told her he was glad she was no longer an actress, because, whenever he inveighed against the perils of the theatrical profession, Miss Mary Anderson was sure to be brought forward as an argument on the other side. The Cardinal would seem to have thought that safety lay only in never going on the boards.

THE GREATEST ACTRESS of Germany is now finishing her second season in America, and at the very last the public is discovering the fact that we have been entertaining a distinguished visitor. The first season she was regarded as an ordinary member of the Irving Place Theater stock company. But this last winter New York has recognized her, and now her tour through the country has given the cities which could boast a German-speaking community of any considerable size a chance to see her. In New York the Germans have been having a beautiful time. The Irving Place Theater, the queer, dingy, and really artistic establishment, was crowded every night. If Frau Sorma is not a great actress, she is a very skillful interpreter of character. Her work in *Untrue*, in which she lately appeared for the first time, shows her at her best. As the young wife who punishes her husband for his jealousy by flirting with his friend, and even keeping a rendezvous in the friend's house, she was wonderfully skillful, buoyant, natural, and effective. The scene of her encounter with the husband while she is at the friend's house was managed with uncommon ease and cleverness, and, in the third act, her passionate refusal to be reconciled to him till he had declared his belief in her innocence, showed that she possessed genuine dramatic fire. It was altogether a very brilliant performance of a most difficult character. As Nora in *The Doll's House*, in which Frau Sorma has reappeared, she renewed the success won last season; it is technically a most satisfying performance, full of "nice shades," as George Meredith might say. But the actress made a blunder in playing the chief rôle in *The Maiden's Dream*, a romantic comedy by Bernstein. Here she showed her physical limitations, and at times appeared merely the commonplace stock actress. Her performance of *Rautendelein* in Hauptmann's *The Sunken Bell* was delicate and poetically imaginative, a curious contrast to the realistic methods of her other parts. No one has been seen on our stage, the Duse not excepted, who has such extraordinary facial expression as this German player. If she were to lose her pretty voice, she might rival Félicia Mallet in pantomime. No, to do that she would have to walk better. Her walk—but let us not be unkind to talent. And then her clothes—they are the most bewildering examples of German "elegance" that could possibly be devised!



AGNES SORMA

UPON LOS ANGELES STREETS, the figure of Mr. Charles F. Lummis, adventurer in type and upon the plain, is regarded as a most unique offering to Eastern curiosity. Mr. Lummis practices a fine disregard for the effeminate amenities of our daily life; in dress and speech he is direct and antagonistic, spending much time upon his convictions. His attire each day includes a "corduroy" suit, a limp sombrero, a rag about the neck—the ensemble varies not, whatever the occasion. a reception and dinner draws him out, but no modification in dress is expected by those who know him.

And his face is even more uncompromising, the face of a man who has seen and felt beyond the degree usual in our prosaic day. Bronzed by southern suns, wrinkled by many an exertion, the face is one dear to the artist given to "studies." As a character study in physiognomy, the subject is rare.

What is to be thought of that unwitting woman, who one day drew aside ostentatiously from a man, presumably a farmhand? Mr. Lummis, while glancing over some Stevensoniana in a Los Angeles bookshop, became aware of this little display of superiority. The bookseller observed this valiant warrior draw out *The Amateur Emigrant* and turn its pages rapidly. A smile softened the rugged face as this passage flashed into view: "I wish some one would find out exactly at what stage of toilette a man becomes wholly invisible to the well-regulated female eye."

IBSEN'S SEVENTIETH BIRTHDAY has been celebrated with varying degrees of enthusiasm, the excitement declining gradually as America is approached, where scarcely a ripple disturbed the public placidity. Yet Agnes Sorma has been playing *The Doll's House* to enthusiastic audiences in New York, and Miss Elizabeth Robbins was threatening to celebrate the date, March 20th, by a performance of *Hedda Gablee*. The performance was actually given later to an audience which the newspapers discreetly referred to as composed "largely of the literary and dramatic professions," that is, small. Probably in America Ibsen's plays will be unpopular so long as they are presented at special performances. The public would doubtless recognize what an admirably effective play *The Doll's House* is if Mr. Charles Frohman would only put it on, and have it acted badly by his Empire Stock Company. Violent defense of Ibsen and special performances have actually terrified the public. Outside "the literary and dramatic professions" very few dare to go to one of his plays.

In England, the jubilee celebration was not so ebullient as one might have wished. A number of admirers, headed by Mr. Gosse and Mr. Archer, presented the Master with a silver Ciborium, a facsimile of one made for George II, a silver ladle, and a silver cup. No special performance was given, and the only special amusement was



HENRIK IBSEN

DRAWN BY GUSTAV LERUM



some little squabbling in the newspapers between people who admired the Master in different ways or who claimed priority in "discovering" him.

On the continent the celebration assumed a dignity in keeping with its real importance. There were special performances in Berlin and other German cities, and in Christiana a real fête, gala performances, torchlight processions, speeches to the students by Dr. Ibsen. It is a real pleasure to feel that in his own country there is nothing "new," nothing "advanced" about Ibsen. He is accepted, and having arrived at the age of seventy, he is probably looked on as a conservative and a classic. Personal anecdotes of the dramatist's life have been filling the newspapers and magazines. Unfortunately for copy makers, Ibsen has lived for many years a life, which, if not retired, is at least aloof from the world. He appears in the streets and at the cafés, but he does not encourage the interviewer nor the curious admirer. A fair example of his disinclination to discuss his work is found in the answer he made to a lady who attacked him at a court ball with the question: "Do you mind telling me, Dr. Ibsen, what you meant by *Peer Gynt*?" The narrator of the incident goes on to say that a dead silence reigned for a moment in the little group surrounding the old man. He finally raised his head, threw back his shock of white hair, adjusted his glasses, looked quizzically into the woman's eyes, and then slowly drawled out:

"Oh, my dear madam, when I wrote *Peer Gynt* only our Lord and I knew what I meant; and as for me, I have entirely forgotten."

ARTHUR HANDLY MARKS, formerly in the consular service of the United States, has had his literary memory preserved in a posthumous volume, *Igerne, and Other Writings*. During his voyage across the Atlantic to take his post, he was the shipmate of James Russell Lowell, himself newly appointed to the Court of St. James. Marks, like so many Southerners, was deeply interested in Poe's life and writings, and afterward made a partially successful attempt to find some memory of the poet's English schooldays preserved in Stoke-Newington. He spoke of him to Lowell—and obtained the straightforward opinion "that Poe was a man of very vicious nature, perfectly depraved in his personal character." Other judgments were obtained and recorded, supporting what Marks was probably expecting—what he calls "the well-known hatred and contempt the Bostonians have for everything Knickerbocker." Thus Lowell thought N. P. Willis "a clever, indolent fellow." "I asked him," Marks goes on, "if he did not think that Joseph Rodman Drake, the author of *The Culprit Fay* (a favorite of mine), was not much neglected by this generation." To his surprise he had a smile and a shake of the head for an answer. Perhaps the most ingenuous of these confidences is Lowell's testimony that Sumner's English popularity was due to the letters of introduction given him by Judge Story, that Ticknor was a still greater social success abroad, and that Sumner himself was "extremely conceited—oppressively so."

## AMERICAN CITIES IN FICTION

### I

#### BOSTON—I

IN the old stories, to mention a place was enough to "locate" it there. In Martin Merivale, *His X Mark*, one of the first stories about Boston (it was by J. T. Trowbridge, and appeared in 1854 in pamphlet parts, just as *Pickwick Papers* did), the hero writes a thrilling romance called *The Beggar of Bagdad*. The publishers won't have it, and the author eventually changes the title to *The Beggar of Venice*, because he has "got sick of Bagdad." All the local color there is in it does as well for Venice as it did for Bagdad. This incident (which is reminiscent of the repainted picture in Mürger's *Scènes de la Vie de Bohème*) is typical of the treatment of places in all the older fiction. Take, for instance, *The Power of Sympathy*, reputed to be the very first American novel—that queer and silly old epistolary story of the eighteenth century, in which Mrs. Perez Morton trotted out for public view the particularly ugly skeleton in the closet of Mr. Perez Morton. The letters are dated from Boston and "Bellevue" (Dorchester), and occasionally from "Rhodeisland;" but there is not a gleam of anything in the whole book to mark the places off from any other places in the world. "A party was made up yesterday to go on the water;"—you prick up your ears to see what the water was like in those days, and what people did on it, but you are not allowed a single glimpse; the narration goes wandering off into opaque generalizations about the dangers which lie in the power of sympathy, or something of that sort. The only peep you get at the Boston of the last century is contained in the inference you may draw from the story that the austerity of Puritan manners had considerably abated.

Even if you take a big jump in time down to 1854 and *The Lamplighter*,—a novel of which more than ten thousand copies were sold, and which elderly people allude to as containing "lots about Boston,"—you find that nothing of the sort we call local color appears. At the opening of this story, a little girl sits in the door of her poor home watching for the old man who comes with his ladder to light the street lamps. "Back of the building where Nan Grant lived was a large wood and coal yard, and beyond that a wharf, and the thick, muddy water of a dock." You learn that the water in Boston docks was muddy in 1854. Doubtless the water in the docks of New York and Philadelphia was muddy, too. 'Tis thus with all the stories of the type, and nearly all of the time. You seek in vain for anything characteristic, either in the actions of the people or their surroundings.

Not even in Trowbridge's *Martin Merivale*, which was in some sense autobiographical (Trowbridge came from western New York to Boston when he was twenty to live by literature, and had a woful time of it, like all the rest), do you get the conscious local study which, with us, was of a later period—the interweaving of real place feeling

with the lives of people. However, his "treatment" of Boston was bad enough. There is in Martin Merivale plenty of low life and drink, all with a Dickensish flavor, and a street conflagration of the good old stage sort, with "Play away 5!" and that sort of thing; there is a shocking, and for the most part, probably true, picture of the cheap "literary" weeklies which swarmed in Boston at that time; there is a book publisher or two and an author—"a seedy individual, with droning voice and a mouth stained with tobacco." The publisher of the True Flag (a paper which still exists, and which Trowbridge masks under a slightly different name) offers prizes for poems. Martin's story, *The Beggar of Bagdad*, aforesaid, is rejected by a publisher because "the style is too fine." Says this publisher: "The popular taste is for simple, natural pictures of life; the 'Begger' does not come down to real life." This in 1854; but if you search the American literature of the period, you will scarcely find one story that "comes down to real life." However, we get in Martin Merivale a sufficiently concrete and startling picture of the clientele of what the author called a "genteel boarding-house" at the West End:

The society at the house was mixed and various. Two lawyers, a quack doctor, a teacher of French and German, several dry-goods clerks, a piano tuner, and a couple of young gentlemen of leisure suspected of gambling proclivities; three sewing girls, a school teacher and a teacher of music (women), two California widows and a wild creature of thirty-five, supposed to have had her wits shattered by an early disappointment—and rare Miss Beffin.

Martin, prospering, had transplanted himself into this Elysian company from Portland street, which was apparently the Columbus avenue of the time. At about the epoch when Martin Merivale—which is simply Martin Chuzzlewit and water—was appearing, Dr. Holmes was getting ready for the world the much truer glance at Boston, which we find in the *Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*. The *Autocrat* is not a novel, but presumably it belongs in a broad way to fiction. Anyway, in it we get something which, while it is far from pretending to be a local study, has the real local grip at last—something definite and living. In the pages of the *Autocrat* the long path on the Common, and the granite block seats, and the ginkgo tree, are made to live forever. At the same time that we get these few characteristic things we learn, however, that

Boston is just like other places of its size; only, perhaps, considering its excellent fish-market, paid fire department, superior monthly publications, and correct habit of spelling the English language, it has some right to look down on the mob of cities.

Alas! the ginkgo tree is on its last legs, the fish-market is broken up into little bits, the paid fire department is no longer a distinction, monthly publications pretty nearly as good, at least, are found elsewhere, and the Traveller has changed its name to the Traveler, with one beggarly *l*, and is yellow—that is, pink—of hue. Boston is, indeed, too much like other places. But the *Autocrat* had a decided influence in teaching our novelists to get hold of whatsoever is characteristic

about the place. Holmes did little of the like thing anywhere else, and wrote novels himself which had no place-color in them; but when another man of sense and wit began to write about Boston, and gave us that consummate picture of life called *A Modern Instance*, it was not particularly hard to trace the influence of Holmes in his clever, vivid way of touching things and places. Putting aside all questions of schools, it is probably incontestable that between Mr. Howells and all others, considered as picturers of Boston in fiction, there is an awful gap. Compared with the *Modern Instance* and *A Woman's Reason*, Mr. Henry James's *Bostonians* and Mr. F. Marion Crawford's *American Politician* are lampoons. Howells does not lampoon; he clothes his Boston stories with the body and fills them with the spirit of the town. The adventures of Bartley Hubbard and Helen Harkness seem to carry with them more of the life of Boston than do the proceedings of any of his other people. Lemuel Barker is a strongly-drawn, pathetic figure, and every year tourists inquire of policemen for the bench on the Common on which he sat; and yet, the experiences of an amiable greenhorn in Boston are not necessarily greatly unlike what they might be in another city; and in Silas Lapham there is little local color compared with the two novels first mentioned. The exactness of the picture of Bromfield Corey, as a type of the Bostonian of the old families, is questioned, and perhaps it is questionable. Mr. James may have hit the type better; but his picture of the place does not make us live in it, if we happen to live somewhere else, as Mr. Howells's does.

Mr. Henry James's *Bostonians* is, in short, a grind in three volumes. Miss Olive Chancellor "had the good fortune to dwell on that side of Charles street toward which, in the rear, the afternoon sun slants redly, from a horizon indented at empty intervals with wooden spires, the masts of lonely boats, the chimneys of dirty 'works,' over a brackish expanse of anomalous character, which is too big for a river and too small for a bay." Beginning with this blasphemy of the Back Bay, the *Bostonians* goes on to the end with the air of being written for a British public, and abounds in explanations of things American for the benefit of the untraveled Britannic reader. Hawthorne's English is not despised even beyond the Atlantic, and yet he boldly wrote "hack" and such American words where Mr. James, even in an American story, finds it necessary to write "hackney-coach." Mr. James, of course, in a Boston story, was in duty bound to sprinkle his pages with *Ideas*, *Reform*, the *Ballot-box*, *Psychology*, and the *Rights of Woman*. These things are found in Boston, and yet there is a tendency in the writers of fiction to distort them out of their proper relation to the life of the people. That is something which Mr. Howells did not do with anything.

Mr. Marion Crawford's *American Politician* belongs with Mr. James's *Bostonians*. It is the little bit of a Society Boston which he chiefly pictures. Mrs. Sam Wyndham "was about forty years of age, as all her friends knew, for it is



as easy for a Bostonian to conceal her age as for a crowned head. In a place where one-half of society calls the other half cousin, and went to school with it, every one knows and accurately remembers just how old everybody else is." Mrs. Wyndham has the customary Boston opinion of Boston; she understands Boston business and calls it finance, but she despises the New York Stock Exchange and denounces it as gambling. The Politician is Mr. John Harrington, a Bostonian of blue blood, who has gone wrong and cultivates the Irish. Mr. Crawford had undoubtedly the case of a living patrician of Boston in mind, so that we cannot accuse him of introducing impossible things. He does up the tax-dodgers in a way which seems to imply that, so far as he is aware, there are no tax-dodgers anywhere else.

Mr. William H. Rideing has "gone for" Boston quite extensively in his *Little Upstart*—an intensely and distressingly personal story, in which clubs and real men and women figure under extremely thin disguises; the Somerset Club is the Devonshire, the Papyrus the Stylus; Boyle O'Reilly is "the poet O'Hara," and so on. This is local color with a vengeance; and it is not laid on in a flattering way. But the prize for real lampooning of Boston must surely go to Professor Arlo Bates, author of *The Pagans* and *The Philistines*. In *The Pagans*, the earlier of the two, Mr. Bates starts out with the same old view across the Charles river, which the readers of Boston stories must get horribly tired of. But we soon find ourselves in the St. Filipe Club—a name which is so thin a mask that one wonders why it was put on at all. There is some epigrammatic talk—consciously and very intentionally epigrammatic—and there is some philosophy of life which quite out-Verlaines Verlaine. Think of Bostonians being made to talk like this:

Emerson lacked the loftiness of vice. He knew only half of life. He never had any conception of the passionate longing for vice per se; the thrill, the glow, which comes to some men at the splendid caress of sin in its most horrible shape.

The book incidentally mocks at the supposed musical eminence of Boston. In *The Philistines* we are grieved to find the same people that were in *The Pagans*. Some of them have given up being pagans, and have become Philistines. Here pictorial art and literature are the principal objects of the author's satire. There is a noteworthy scene at the Browning Club; the author belonged to this club, and presumably knew what he was telling about. It makes an amusing picture; Mrs. Stagchase, Elsie Dimmont, and Fenton, an artist, are listening to the proceedings of the club, of which Fenton is a member. Mrs. Stagchase whispers that she feels as if she were in a lunatic asylum. The club is considering Bishop Blougram's Apology, and Fenton rises, glances around at the circle of Browningites enragés, and ventures this contribution to the discussion:

The poem is most remarkable for the intimate knowledge which it shows of human nature. Take a line like

"Men have outgrown the shame of being fools;"

we can see striking instances of its truth all about us!

"How can you!" exclaimed Elsie Dimmont under her breath.

One finds a very different tone in another book which deals with pretty much the same clubs, and the same grade of people as Mr. Bates's, to-wit, Mr. T. Russell Sullivan's *Roses of Shadow*. The *Ægean Club* may—and may not—be the same as the St. Filipe, but if it is, Mr. Sullivan must have known a different set of men there. This is one of the extremely small number of Boston stories written by a real Bostonian. Natives of Boston, for the most part, lack the perspective which alone would enable them to write a true story of their town. It would be as impossible as it is for any one to write properly a dialect which he habitually speaks. One would say, from a point or two, that Mr. Sullivan had gone abroad to get his perspective. For instance, he describes certain streets as "quaint, irregular, quiet places that bear to Charles street something of the relation that the Adelphi Terrace bears to the Strand." (Here a casual reader of the public library copy of *Roses of Shadow*, doubtless a person of strong "Americanism" of feeling, has written "Rats!" in the margin, in a bold, bad hand, and gone on.) There was another rather clever and not ill-tempered grind on Boston notions published in an anonymous series,—*The Wolf at the Door*. In it the women join "classes" in all sorts of things that they have no interest in, in a manner eminently Bostonian. One of them is getting up a subscription to erect a statue to King Philip, and another of them, Barbara by name, wants to know whether it is to Philip Augustus, Philip le Bel, or Louis Philippe. There is also a class in cookery; after a session of this, Cecile admits: "My thing was horrid; it turned out that I put in cream-of-tartar instead of salt; you have no idea how it did taste! But, of course, we must expect to have our failures." This same charming Cecile is seen walking on the Mill-Dam with her Spanish teacher (male). The way in which her mother expresses her objection to this is memorable: "I did n't care to have Cecile learn Spanish; if she were going to Havana, or Spain, there might be some use. It would be so much better for her to keep up her French or her Italian or German!"

There was a clever, but amateurish caricature of Boston fads and cranks published anonymously in Chicago under the bad title, *The Fearless Investigator*—a roaring farce, mostly, with a curious vein of seriousness and question running through it. There is in it almost nothing to locate it; and yet the picture of Boston thought, struck by lightning, has the illuminating and truthful side that a really good caricature has. *The Fearless Investigator* satirizes spiritualism, which is proper enough in a Boston story, since Boston is the capital of spiritualism. Mr. Howells took his shy at that topic, but in no lampooning way, in *The Undiscovered Country*; so did Miss Alice Brown in her early story, *Fools of Nature*. There is a boarding-house in Miss Brown's book: Two sides of Boston, that presented by its aristo-



eratic society, with its "view across the Charles," and that presented by the boarding-house, have affected the imagination of writers of Boston stories in a pre-eminent way—all of them seem to have lived in boarding-houses at one stage of their career. Miss Brown's boarding-house keeper could grow nowhere else; she redusts after the chambermaid, and "sees that the handles of the water-pitchers are turned out." This boarding-house keeper, she, too, once had aspirations to be a prima donna; she even sang in Music Hall, and "failed because she was so homely," and had to go to taking lodgers. Except for this woman, who turned the handles of the water-pitchers outward, the people in this story might have lived somewhere else. The same is true, emphatically, of another popular story which carries Boston in its title—Miss Pool's Roweny in Boston. This tale, though its people are diverting, might have been "localized" for Providence or Minneapolis, or Tacoma, as vaudeville companies localize their gags wherever they go, by the change of a word here and there.

As compared with the boarding-houses, the grave and potent counting-houses of Boston get short shrift in the Boston stories. Mr. F. H. Underwood touched them a little in his *Man Proposes*, published anonymously away back in 1880. In this book is a big Devonshire warehouse and its clerks, cleverly pictured, and copper-mine stock, and that kind of thing. Mr. Underwood was in this book the first exploiter, perhaps, of the joke about the impossibility of the Common as a place for promenading to any Bostonians except the very lowest classes. His story presently becomes one of the Civil War. Silas Lapham was a solid man of Boston, to be sure, but not one to the manner born. We find more about the elegant old Boston merchant in the historical romances—the modern reconstructions of the colonial town—than anywhere else; and the historical Boston romance opens up a new branch of the subject.

JOSEPH EDGAR CHAMBERLIN.

#### PASSING THE MINSTER

**P**RAISE to thine awful beauty, praise  
And peace, O warden of my ways!  
Bid o'er the brow to thee I raise,  
Immortal unction fall.

Nobly and equally thou must  
Take adoration of my dust,  
And unto height and breadth august  
Thy low-born lover call.

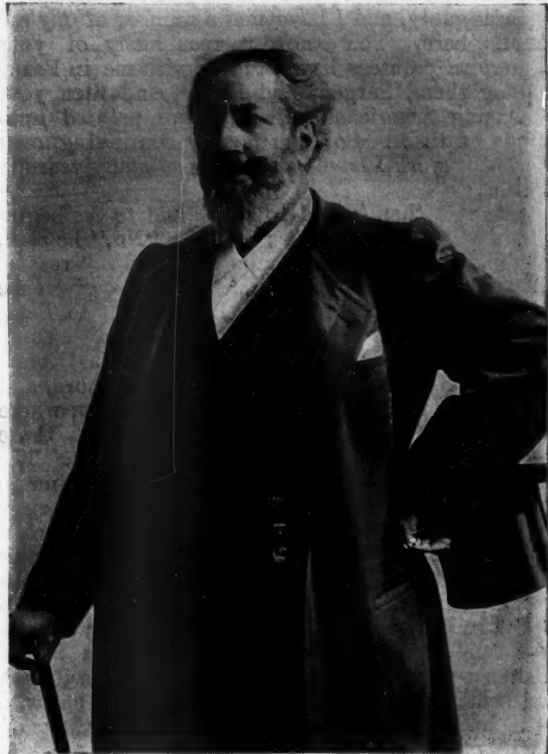
Bless me! forget me not: a lone  
Clear A men thro' thine arches blown,  
A heartbeat of that Hope, a stone  
Fixed also in that Wall.

LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY.



#### THE CELEBRITY

AN INTERVIEW WITH CAROLUS DURAN



Photograph by Reutlinger

M. CAROLUS DURAN

**E**VEN if I had not known Carolus Duran from photographs, I think I should have recognized the painter in the ample figure that stalked before me the other day through the corridors of the Waldorf-Astoria. The heavy loose black overcoat, and the wide and easy management of the stick, suggested the serene Englishman; but the face was unmistakably French, with its double-pointed beard once fiercely black, now softened into a gentle gray, the bristling moustaches, and with the deep eyes and the large red lips. The whole figure had the distinction of unconsciousness which only those men acquire who have best reason to be conscious. No one could see it without realizing that it represented a personage.

When I had been introduced, I found the painter all courtesy. Not for one moment, however, did he suggest the courtesy that makes you either suspicious or alarmed. His manner was simple, unaffected, serious. I had come to ask him to talk with me for a few moments about his art, and he readily acquiesced.

"But first, let me tell you," he said, "how delightfully I have been treated since I arrived here. I have a great many friends in the United States, but this is my first visit to your country. I

came into New York in a blinding snow-storm, and everything was blurred and gray—a most picturesque effect, I assure you. It was an altogether curious experience. Since then I have gone about indefatigably, and I have met a number of my old pupils here. You know a great many of your American painters have studied with me in Paris, among them, Sargent and Low. And then your charming American ladies—I have painted hundreds of them. So I am merely continuing, over here, the work I have been doing so many years in Paris."

Our talk then turned to Paris, and to the beginnings of the painter's own career. "No," he said, in reply to a question of mine. "I did not receive my first instruction in Paris. That was given me in my native city of Lille. But I went to Paris while I was still a youngster, and I studied there for several years. Then I went down to Rome, where I worked hard for several years more, and then came those delightful years in Spain, where I felt strongly the influence of Velasquez. Oh, those old fellows! How well they knew their art. The young men of the present day do not have time to learn their art. They are too eager to win notoriety to lay the strong foundation that every really good painter must have. So they try to make up for their lack of knowledge by eccentricity, by doing the things that will startle the public and get themselves talked about. No, I have no patience with the new-fangled theories of art. They seem to me grotesque and full of affectation. Of course, there are some men who take up these notions, but who still have great talent, and whatever they do reveals the talent in spite of the notions. Ah, it's a great pity to see how these young painters have turned to subjects that are wholly out of the domain of art! Many of these have been influenced by the new schools of literature—the decadent schools. Bah! how I despise those schools; where shams take the place of genuinely solid qualities. No, the artist must always go to nature and faithfully reproduce what he finds there."

I quoted to the painter a remark I once heard Elihu Vedder make about the importance to an artist of a thorough education outside the domain of art. "Our painters do not read and study enough," Mr. Vedder had declared, "and that is one reason why they do not succeed in doing really vigorous work."

"Ah, yes," Monsieur Duran assented, half sadly. "A well-equipped mind is essential to an artist, but that is only a means to an end. What is art but the reproduction of nature? Those young painters over in Paris do not appreciate nature. They have substituted literary affectations in her place. That is why I take a pessimistic view of the conditions of art in Paris at the present time. There is no one over there among the younger men who is doing really fine work. You see, I am always going back to that," he added with a smile, "to nature! As soon as art abandons nature she ceases to be art."

F.

## THE ESCAPE

EVERY night as he lay down on his bunk in the convict cage, hot, panting, his muscles tingling from over-exertion, he had said to himself that the next day he would dare the guns and dogs and attempt to escape. But each morning, a little refreshed by the night's rest, he had put the tempter aside, and had resolved to endure his sentence, and return to his wife and little ones, once more a free man, determined to leave them something better than a legacy of poverty and shame.

In the mean time the weather grew warmer and warmer, and the toil became more intense. The corn was waving great five foot long streamers, and began to gleam with golden tassels. The cotton also grew as if by magic. But with it grew the weeds and grass. As the convict force was insufficient to attend the amount of land the state had "put in," it was a battle royal with the grass to save the crop.

The men were worked from the time it was light enough to see how to shoot, until it was entirely dark. Each day they became more and more jaded and worn. Their cheek-bones stood out prominently, their eyes, red and inflamed, sunk back into their sockets and smouldered there, flickering like ill-fed torches in caverns. Their muscles, rigid as iron, but small, clung to the bone like bark. In spite of constant urging and dogged effort, they could not work as they had done earlier in the season.

From morning until night the convict driver rode up and down the cotton rows and cursed and swore, but every now and then he would stop from his oaths long enough to strike over the head some prisoner who lagged behind. Under this stimulus the convict would usually spur up to the gang, but sometimes, out of sheer weakness and exhaustion, he could not.

When this happened, he would be stripped of his clothing, thrown to the ground, held there by four men, and given twenty-five or thirty lashes with a heavy leathern thong.

It was against "the statute in such cases made and provided" to "break the hide," as they phrased it, but the law was silent about bruising. So, with the dexterity of long practice and the skill of an artist who delights in his work, the driver laid on lick after lick until the prisoner's skin was a study in purple.

One Saturday late in June, sick at heart, desperate, exhausted from overwork and insufficient food, he, too, had lagged behind, but not until near sunset. The driver, overcome also with the heat, and wearied from much whipping, had contented himself with riding up and promising the laggard a whipping the next Monday if such a thing happened again.

The desire to escape immediately gripped at his heart again. Its voice thundered imperiously in his ears, and this time would not be hushed.

It taunted him as a coward, afraid of the guns and the dogs. It sneered at him as worse than a beast, willing to be kicked and cuffed because



appeared even to run off. It argued and pleaded. "If he remained," it said, "he would die, perhaps, yes, certainly die, a convict,—how, then, would his children be benefited? Let him be a man, and endeavor to escape. In another state, under a different name, he might once more climb the steep pathway of fortune."

Dry-eyed and feverish, he lay awake all Saturday night, and heard the night-watchman and the cage-boss strike every hour and half-hour on the yard bell; but this time he resolved with conviction that Monday night should find him either dead or free.

Sunday the men were kept locked up in the cage yard, and escape from there was impossible. All that morning he strolled around, furtively examining the men until he found some in whose eyes burned the same defiance as in his own. These he noted well.

Sunday afternoon the prisoners were called around to attend religious services. The convicts were herded together on rough, unplanned, puncheon benches; the preacher, the drivers, the few guards who preferred preaching to crap-shooting, and some free people, attracted from the neighborhood by a desire to escape the deadly dullness of a Sunday afternoon in the country, were seated comfortably apart on chairs, far from contaminating contact with the convicts. Before the services began, the drivers could be seen motioning towards the men and whispering something to the country magnates, such as justices of the peace, owners of unmortgaged farms, and dispensers of whiskies imported from "wet" counties into that alcoholically arid vicinity. These visitors looked and laughed. The officers were showing the more notable and desperate of the prisoners with the same pride with which a farmer exhibits his prize Poland Chinas or Berkshires.

A flame of scarlet swept over his face, as, glancing up, he saw himself pointed out for this distinction.

At last the singing began. He had always been peculiarly susceptible to the influence of music. To-day the convicts took up the old familiar hymns, fitfully and trembling at first, but after a while with a longing and yearning, impossible to any but those who have known the deepest of life's degradations, the bitterest of life's sorrows—captivity in a convict-camp.

They were hated, despised, scorned of the world. They had lost liberty, and in losing it had lost everything. No time, nor toil, nor tears could give them back what once was theirs, and sweep disgrace from their names. But for them, even for them, they had been told, there was hope. Some time, somewhere in other worlds they might be men again. So, as they sang the hymns picturing God's love, God's mercy,—as they thought of the many mansions promised even them by one who, like them, had been a convict, and died under the ban of the criminal law between two thieves, their whole soul sobbed and shuddered and pleaded in the song. The cry for mercy, which they knew the officers and the world would not heed, shut so long in their hearts, burst forth in the notes, and they seemed imploring God, face to face, pleading,

crying for forgiveness, for mercy, for one more chance for purity and happiness.

The effect on him was magical.

He was at home, a boy again. It was Sunday afternoon on the farm. The sunlight lay warm and sweet on the yard, the field, and the pines; his mother was singing the same old hymns, and he, a little fellow, was singing with her in piping childish treble. Forgotten were the rude visitors, the convict-camp, the stripes, his bruised hands, his swollen feet and breaking heart. A soft luster blossomed in his eyes, his cheek flushed with a healthy glow, his breathing was smooth, but eager. Behold, a miracle had been wrought; he was not a convict now, but a man!

Then the singing ceased, and he started as the dead might start, if brought back to earth from paradise.

Yes, on the morrow he would go; better death and hell, anything, all things than this.

That night, before the cage boss rang the prisoners down to bed, he sought out the men he had marked in the morning. He sounded them cautiously; for nearly an hour he insinuated, tacked, evaded, approached, withdrew; this was necessary because the camp was full of spies, who climbed to favor by reporting the other men. At last, convinced that they were desperate as himself, he proposed that to-morrow they should risk the guns and dogs. It was at once agreed. They should jump from under the guns as the men were marching from the field at dark.

When this agreement was reached, an immense burden fell from his soul. He knew the chances were that he would be shot to death by the guns, or, escaping these, be torn to pieces by the bloodhounds. The risk was terrible. At least the desire to do and the fear to dare had ceased rending his heart with their unending debate.

He slept that night soundly, as when a boy. The next day he worked well, but husbanded his strength as best he could. At noon, when the men stopped "to catch their pan of food," he appeared even cheerful. Once he laughed. The driver remarked, sarcastically, "Number 548 must be running for trustyship."

At last the sun began to drop towards the west. Then he thrust great crimson swords between the slender pine boles; the whip-poor-wills drummed in the lowlands, and the dusk-winged night moths wheeled around the cotton blooms.

The driver cried, "Line up!" The men got four abreast and started towards the camp. In front of them marched two guards with Winchester rifles. Every now and then they turned and looked back, keeping anxious eyes on the prisoners. The killing of a prisoner attempting to escape meant promotion; the missing spelled discharge. Behind marched two other guards, similarly armed and equally watchful. In the parallelogram thus formed, and near the men, rode the driver, girded with pistol and cartridge belt, and still clutching his ever-present whip.

Thus arranged, they had marched half a mile, when the road swirled sharply around a field of tall corn, which ran back to the creek bank, which



was but a few hundred yards off and covered with canes and briars. As the two front guards passed on the bridge, they were compelled to huddle a little and relax their watch. Now or never was his chance. Fearing to look if the rear guards were watching, lest his courage fail him, he gave one bound from the line and stooped to crawl under the wire fence at the road's edge. He heard the shuffle of the feet close by, and knew his comrades had been true to their promise to jump with him, and thus scatter the aim of the guns.

A cry went up from the line, "Man gone, man gone!" The driver yelled, "Down, men, down, you scoundrel-beasts!" and all the convicts fell flat in the road to make the way clear for the bullets. At once the rifles began. Boom, boom, boom! he heard the Winchesters ring out. His heart leapt to his mouth, his brain whirled, but his muscles moved as of electrically charged. Boom! went the Winchester again, and a striped rag shot forward in front of him. It was a piece of his shirt sleeve torn off by a bullet. The blood trickles from his arm. He sees it, but gives it no heed other than to thank God he is not wounded in the legs. Somehow Number 527, who jumped after he had, has gotten ahead of him.

This poor fellow crashes blindly through the corn, making a tremendous noise. This noise guides the aim of the guns. Number 527 whirls suddenly to the left. He is shot in the right shoulder. Then he whirls back to the right. He is shot this time in the left shoulder-blade, the ball piercing through into the lungs. The shot man staggers forward a little while, reels drunkenly, throws up his unwounded arm, and then falls in a huddle in the corn furrow. He tries to say something. "God" escapes his lips, but the remainder of the sentence is drowned by the blood gushing out of his mouth.

He himself gazes one moment at his dead comrade, and then darts into the cane on the creek bank.

He has dared the guns, and is safe from them. Now for the dogs, the bloodhounds. He hears the clang of the horses' hoofs flying along the road. It is a messenger for the hounds. They have been with the plow-gang to-day, for a jump had been expected there, and not among the hoe hands.

He will thus gain a quarter of an hour on the dogs. He must outwit them. He wades into the creek and down a little. He crosses over. He climbs a tree, crawls out on a branch, and then drops into the creek again, and wanders down a little. Then he goes into the woods. It is getting intensely dark. He grows confused. The briars tear his flesh. His strength is waning. The bullet in his arm burns like a coal of fire. Oh, that the moon would rise! He staggers forward doggedly. Perhaps in the dark he is coming towards his pursuers, or maybe to the camp, maybe.

Listen! Hear that shudder, as if the darkness had found tongue? It is the horn; it is the driver, yelling the dogs on; it is the baying of Buck, Trailer, and Catch. They are now in the field. How loud and lusty they yelp. A note of terror now strikes through their baying. Then they whimper plaintively. They have found the dead man in the corn.

They now howl mournfully in long, shuddering notes. This continues awhile, but the horn soon sounds again. The drivers are trying to get them from the dead man, and put them on his trail. The hounds still whimper awhile, then the crash of the dog-whip tears the night air apart like a knife, and the baying commences again. They are now on his track. The old dogs open up deep and thunderous as doom; the puppies yelp with a querulous, eager treble. The whole pack is making its music. On, Trailer! on, Buck! on, Catch! the drivers yell high and shrill above the hound music.

What a shudder these sounds send through his heart. He grows sick at his stomach with fear. His tongue swells, and becomes dry and cold. His brow beads with clammy, ice-cold sweat, yet burns with fever. He totters. He is weak in the legs. Great God! they may find him yet. No, he will never be caught; God, if devil He be not, cannot have the injustice to allow this. He will go forward and be free.

But, look! Yonder is a suffused red light in the distance! It is the camp lanterns. He has run into the arms of death. Well, let it receive him. A man dies but once. What does it matter? But they shall not triumph over his capture. No, he will rush on the night-watch and, attempting to seize his gun, will be shot and die, and dying, die at once.

Good-bye, old world, so full of injustice, but to which his heart has clung so pitifully, good-bye! Good-bye, wife and little ones, God deal more tenderly with them than He has done with him! Oh, how can those stars shine so calmly while he dies as dies a hounded beast! O, how can those night flowers kiss him with such intoxicating odor! Has some devil created this universe but to feed his soul on blood and tears?

But look at that light. It lifts higher in the heavens. It silvers now. It is not the camp lanterns. It is the moon, reddened by the night fogs. Escape, escape, escape! He will be free. Onward he flies; he turns, retraces his tracks, doubles and wheels. No, they shall not capture him. Man is more than a match for dogs. Who are these drivers and hounds they shall set their minds against his? Might, brute force was theirs beyond his own; but subtlety, the skill intellectually to overcome obstacles, had he not learned these in the camp where cunning is the only weapon helpless humanity has against cruelty and power?

Pride even rises. No, he will not be captured. He will live.

Ah, yes; let the horns blow, let the drivers crash their whip, let the hounds bay and whimper as they will, thanks to the night and the moon, and his own courage and skill, he will be free.

The sound of the dogs grows faint; the yells of the men grow dim. He stops, he listens; that is no baying of hounds, it is but the trick, the foolery of over-excited nerves. He leans against a tree and listens intently, but coolly now. All is still but the sound of the night beetles and the midnight wind in the pine boughs.

He has thrown dice with death and won.

AUGUSTUS BURTON.



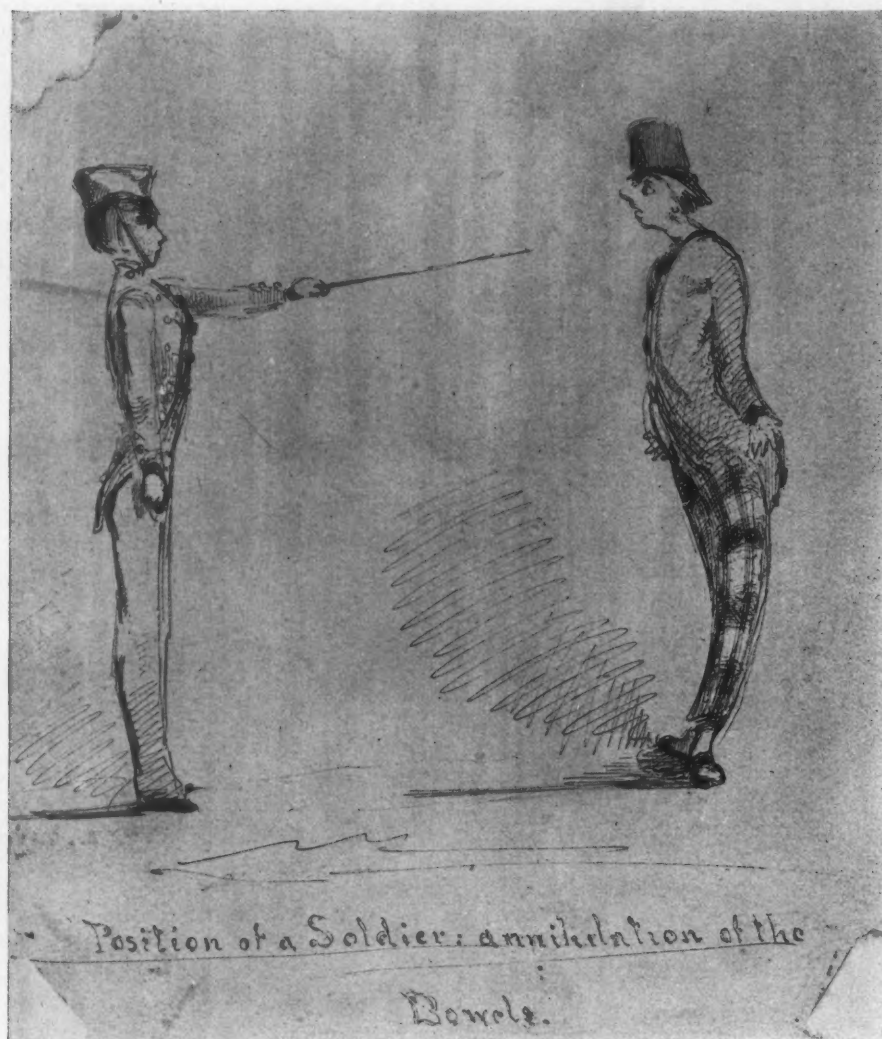
PORTRAIT OF WHISTLER  
BY W. NICHOLSON

#### WHISTLER AT WEST POINT

**C**OMPARATIVELY few people are aware of even the mere fact that Whistler, the famous artist, was at one time a cadet at West Point; and so far as I know, nothing beyond the bare official data has been printed concerning his career there. Yet, although he was only seventeen when he entered West Point in 1851, and was dropped at the end of the third year for being deficient in chemistry, he was such an original and distinct figure that classmates who have not seen him for over forty years have the liveliest recollections of him.

Not only was his artistic genius already clearly

in evidence, but he was also noted for his smart sayings, and for certain personal eccentricities which only a genius could have carried off successfully. In fact, the cadet Whistler was, in a most striking way, the precursor, artistically and intellectually, of the Whistler of to-day. And the Whistler of to-day is a picturesque and original personality in the world of art, gifted with an ability quite unexcelled by any one in his own profession (or out of it, for that matter) for clever mots which run the gamut from the sportive and whimsical to the satirical, yet are always Whistlerian. Indeed, I doubt if the youth was ever more



DRAWING MADE BY WHISTLER AT WEST POINT

LOANED BY MAJOR-GENERAL ALEXANDER S. WEBB, U.S.A. (RETIRED)

prophetic of the man than in Whistler's case, a fact which gives special interest to the reminiscences which I have obtained from several of his classmates.

Brevet Major-General Alexander S. Webb, United States Army, (retired), now president of the College of the City of New York, who owns two humorous drawings, made and given to him by Whistler while they were classmates at West Point, where they occupied adjoining desks in the art class, tells me an anecdote which shows that already as a cadet Whistler was not lacking in self-appreciation.

In the art class one day, while Whistler was busy over an India ink drawing of a French peasant girl, the elder Weir, then professor of art at the United States Military Academy, walked, as usual, from desk to desk, examining the pupils' work.

After looking over Whistler's shoulder, he stepped back to his own desk, filled his brush with India ink (General Webb says he can see him now rubbing the paint on a plate before "loading,") and approached Whistler with a view of correcting some of the lines in the latter's drawing. When Whistler saw him coming, he raised his hands as if to ward off the strokes of the brush and called out: "Oh, do n't, sir, do n't! You'll spoil it!"

This was dangerously near to insubordination; but Professor Weir merely smiled, and walked back to his desk without making the intended corrections. Whistler was head of his class in drawing.

General Webb tells a capital anecdote illustrative of Whistler's quick-wittedness and audacity in getting himself out of a disagreeable predicament. There was at West Point at that time, in addition to the regular cadet mess, a private mess for twelve, of whom Whistler was

one, at the house of an army officer's widow. One day the cadets conceived the idea of having a little sport at their landlady's expense. The first cadet who came to table said, as he sat down: "Good morning, Mrs. \* \* \*. There is a cat on the roof of your house." The second cadet repeated the remark, except that he varied it by saying: "There are two cats on the roof of your house." Each cadet added a cat until, when Whistler, who was the last to arrive, sat down, he said gravely and with much concern: "Good morning, Mrs. \* \* \*. There are twelve cats on the roof of your house."

During the next meal, Whistler, whom the landlady rightly suspected of having instigated the joke, found under his napkin a billet, notifying him that his presence at the mess was no longer desired. Being, however, averse to returning to the



general mess, Whistler hit upon a plan to regain the widow's good will. After dinner he planted himself in front of a portrait of her late lamented, which hung in the parlor, and appeared lost in admiration of it. When he heard the widow entering, he began descanting, as if to himself, yet loud enough for her to hear, upon the virtues of the deceased, winding up with this exclamation: "To think that West Point should have produced such a man, and that we have his portrait here to remind us of what we ourselves may attain to!" This touched the widow so deeply that Whistler was re-established in her good graces and—the mess.

General Webb also says that it was not wholly unusual at cavalry drill for Whistler, who was a sorry horseman, to go sliding over his horse's head. On such occasions Major Sackett, who suc-

ceeded Major (now General) Fitz John Porter in command, would call out:

"Mr. Whistler, are n't you a little ahead of the squad?"

Among three anecdotes which Adjutant-General George D. Ruggles, United States Army (retired), who was, perhaps, Whistler's most intimate friend among the latter's West Point classmates, sends me, is one which also refers to Whistler's habit of parting company with his horse during drills.

In the first mounted drill in the riding academy, in which Whistler took part, he had a hard horse. The instructor walked the squad around the hall, then trotted it, and then gave the command: "Trot out!"

At this last command Whistler, who had journeyed from the withers of the horse to his croup and back again several times, finally tumbled in



DRAWING MADE BY WHISTLER AT WEST POINT  
LOANED BY MAJOR-GENERAL ALEXANDER S. WEBB, U.S.A. (RETIRED)

a bundle into the tanbark. He lay for a moment without movement. The dragoon soldiers, who imagined him seriously injured, ran to him and picked him up, to carry him to the hospital; but he told them to let him down. Major Porter, who was in command of the instruction, called to him from his horse: "Mr. Whistler, are you hurt?"

Whistler, leisurely drawing off his gauntlet and brushing the tanbark away from his hips downward, replied: "No, Major! but I do not understand how any man can keep a horse for his own amusement!"

There was in the squad a horse named Quaker. This horse was crazy, as some horses are. He had run away time and again, had thrown the most expert riders in the cavalry detachment, and had hurled one sergeant high in the air, to descend upon the roof of the stable with broken bones and a broken nose. One day, as the cadets took their places in the riding hall, this horse, Quaker, fell to Whistler, who, coming up blinking with his myopia, said: "Dragoon, what horse is this?" The soldier answered: "Quaker, sir;" and Whistler replied: "My God! He's no friend."

Upon another occasion, Whistler, who was running a tangent to dismissal on demerit, was found with a pair of boots in his possession. Now boots were not "uniform," and so were prohibited. The barrack regulations required that cadets should have the low quarter uniform shoes; that they should be arranged under the foot of the bedstead with their toes on a line, and that they should be neatly blacked.

Whistler, having obtained the boots for use in deep snows in his nocturnal, and, of course, prohibited, expeditions, had carelessly left them unhidden, and had actually displayed them with his uniform shoes at the foot of his iron bedstead. He was reported for having boots in his possession, for boots not blacked, and boots not in position. These three reports carried with them very considerable demerit, and were almost sufficient to dismiss him.

He was not required to write an excuse, or, as it is now called, an explanation; but he could not resist the opportunity. He wrote a long dissertation to the commandant upon boots and shoes in general, and then, coming down to the particular case in hand, he spoke of the condition of his demerit, and the sad misfortune that had fallen upon him; winding up with the remark: "But, in this case, as it is adding but a little to the whole, what boots it?" For this he was reported for writing an improper excuse, and received more demerit still.

"As you may remember," writes General Rugles, "Whistler's father, George Washington Whistler, who was a graduate of West Point and for some years an officer in the United States Army, was the engineer who built the early Russian railroads. Young Whistler was with him at that time, and often went to court and played with the imperial children. In Russia and France he acquired the habits and the manners of a European. He was an American, but he seemed more like a Frenchman.

"He was well read in light literature, and had a keen sense of the ridiculous. In the recitation-room, at church, and almost anywhere, the ridiculous incidents of a situation would strike him, and he would sketch, in a second or two, cartoons full of character and displaying the utmost nicety of appreciation of its ludicrous points."

Two of the mature Whistler's most characteristic mots contain amusing imputations upon nature. In some disdainful remarks about tourists, he spoke of their admiration for "singularly foolish sunsets." And once, when a lady exclaimed enthusiastically: "Oh, Mr. Whistler, I came down the Thames this morning, and the scenery was so beautiful it reminded me of a series of your etchings!" he replied: "Yes, madam, nature is looking up." Of a similar character was his remark when he learned that he had been found deficient in chemistry. When asked about the difficulty, he replied laughingly, with an implied reproach upon nature: "Oh, it was because silicon was not a gas!"

This last anecdote was sent to me by Whistler's classmate, Assistant Inspector General William W. Averell, United States Army. General Averell also gives a lively and entertaining account of Whistler's personality.

"Whistler," writes General Averell, "was unique, not only because there was no one like him in our class, but also because he had no equal in art or in the quick and vivid perception and appreciation of the best literature—especially that in which the humorous and pathetic phases of life might be mostly found. Dickens was his nearest favorite, and he reveled in Hudibras and Dr. Syntax.

"There was nothing heavy about any part of his presentment—physical or mental. He was light and airy in every expression or action, and impulsive. He was a constant surprise. Nothing would hold him still and quiet except his art when he had become engaged in any original effort. Even then he would wriggle and twist about his work like an animated interrogation point.

"He was remarkably nearsighted, and his eyes were within a hand's length of the paper when he was drawing in pencil, ink, or water colors. This defective vision caused astonishingly novel effects in his colors—harmonious and beautiful, but unnatural to the normal eye. This abnormal vision may have influenced his work in after years, and given rise to the "Nocturnes" and "Symphonies"—different tones of a single color, which occasioned his controversy with Ruskin."

Allowing for the advance of years, might not this description of the Whistler of '51 apply to the Whistler of '98?

GUSTAV KOBBE.

#### TO GLORIA

**G**OD grant thee grace to be the thing  
Thy beauty makes thee seem;  
Which we must worship marvelling  
Lest it should prove a dream.

THOMAS WALSH.

## LETTERS TO DEAD AUTHORS

## III

TO MARTIN FARQUHAR TUPPER, ESQUIRE

SIR: In you every man of letters must honor an author of singular courage and good humor. I have been unable to procure the most celebrated work from your pen, *The Proverbial Philosophy*. The name brings back to my memory myself, a grubby little boy, in the library of an old country villa, lent long ago by the wicked Colonel Charteris to the virtuous Forbes of Culloiden. Here many days of the nonage of the bookworm were spent, and when not riding barebacked ponies, or making experiments with brass cannons, I would be reading every kind of book. Among them was your own, beautifully bound, and obviously a gift to some romantic fair one. On asking my elders as to the character of your work, I was told, "It is a very wise book," which, for some reason, put a stop to my researches. In the distance of memory I seem to recall a certain air as of a chastened Walt Whitman, the statements being obvious, but respectable.

I have been supplied, in the absence of *Proverbial Philosophy*, with one quotation, treasured by a rapt hearer of a reading from your own lips. It ran thus:

Ask not thy Parson to thy house,  
Lest thy children see him,  
And make a mock of his infirmities.

In this aphorism you seem to hit every one concerned with equal scourge. The person counseled is understood to be incapable of controlling the juvenile excesses of his family; the discreet and learned pastor appears to be mainly notable for his infirmities; the children are cubs. Our fathers were patient men, to welcome such chastenings.

Reviewing sore  
Unmoved you bore,  
And watched your works attain,  
By your foes' admission,  
Their seventieth edition,  
Like *The Christian*, by Hall Caine!

I have slightly modified the stanza in your honor by another admirer, Sir George Trevelyan.

In the Preface to your *Selections from your works* (Moxon, 1866), you say that you "have readers and friends in many nooks of our habitable globe," to whom you present not only poems "which the world has been kind enough to mint-mark with its approbation," but also some which bear the traces of the spurning critical hoof. As you observe, you "have run the gauntlet of so-called criticism fearlessly and successfully for well-nigh thirty years." You must, therefore, have pleased a generation which slighted Tennyson, neither regarded Browning, which one can readily believe. As you once told us, on visiting a home of the mentally afflicted in the United States of America, you learned that your poem, *Never Give Up*, was a great favorite, and that each inmate set it to music of his own composition.—

Never give up, though the grapeshot may rattle,  
Or the full thunder-cloud over you burst;  
Stand like a rock—and the storm or the battle,  
Little shall harm you, though doing their worst.—

The storm-cloud, charged with ink, burst upon your devoted head, but you never gave up:

One envious foe stirs up a million friends,  
A wasp attacks me, and a world defends.

That strikes me as quite equal to Pope. Judging from the number and ferocity of the wasps, your friends, and purchasers, must have amounted to hundreds of millions. I wish that a few wasps would attack myself, if the purchasers of my poems were consequently to be multiplied by millions. In fact, my excellent publishers might purchase a few wasps for the purpose, if they thoroughly understood their business. You appeal to Detraction as a scorpion armed with a mile of rope, and you defy her:

Yes,—Arabs of the press,—mean Zoilists,  
Shake at me still your jealous little fists!

Zoilus attacked Homer; the Arabs attacked Tupper. The works of the Arabs and the Zoilus have perished; Tupper and Homer endure. The critics are as the shifting sands that the wind blows at the wind's will; Homer lives like the great Pyramid, and on Tupper's face is the secular and enigmatic smile of the imperishable Sphinx.

I, blandly unaware of all your wrath,  
Lay trampling toads upon my daily path.

As the boy said, after stoning the harmless batrachian, "I'll learn ye to be a toad." But, sure, your phrase is figurative; a Tupper (except in unconscious hours of inspiration) would never walk up and down upon toads! Who wrote *Mercy to Animals*?

Your poems indicate that affection for the House of Hanover, which, to their credit, marks almost every one of our recent English bards. Alas, for the Muse who can only celebrate and mourn over the dust of a fallen Dynasty, the witty, the beautiful, the brave, the exiled, the unforgotten!

Red roses for beef and beer,  
Red roses for wine and gold,  
But they drank of the water clear  
In exile and sorry cheer,  
To the kings of our sires of old.

Your loyal poems, Sir, appear to myself to be very musical, benevolent, and sonorous, and to have eminently fitted you for the laurels, had you outlived your illustrious contemporary. A sample of them (one of the poems) was recited before Her Gracious Majesty by one of the fairest of her daughters, forty-four years ago (1854). The Sovereign appears to have shared the taste of her people, a great consolation to an author when nibbled at, like Horace, by the tooth of envy. You seem to have been appealed to when *Epithalamia* were in request:

But one minstrel, not unsought,  
Whereof shall his spirit sing!

Poscimus!

England's Daughter, Prussia's bride,  
Deigns to listen to his lay,—

as he chants

Young affection's tender dream.

Patriotism!—but that was the strongest chord of your lyre. You welcome



The man, aye, every brother,  
Of Anglo-Saxon race,  
Who owns a British mother  
In Freedom's dwelling place.

We gather that, in your day, Society was exogamous, the English invariably marrying British brides, or the offspring being despised, when they did not. You were welcomed at Osborne, St. James's, and Balmoral, at least, so we gather—

I went to the palace, and there my fair queen,  
On the arm of her husband did lovingly lean,  
And all the dear babes in their beauty were seen.

Morality, too, was yours—no votary, you, of  
L'Art pour l'Art.

Human life, thou face of Gorgon,  
We are hardened up—

Where is there a rhyme for Gorgon? Lady Morgan, or Glamorgan?—

And each sympathetic organ,  
Freezes at thy cup.

The poet comes out radiant; he has a rhyme for Gorgon, and he gets his moral in, later. Yet, while *tres ferré sur la morale*, you, Sir, knew the passion for perfection that ravages the soul of the artist.

Art? It is his breath,  
The song-burst of the Soul.  
Art? It might be death  
His yearnings to control.

Happily, you did not control them, but let them well forth, like the skylark's notes.

Mr. Matthew Arnold permitted himself to speak of the Atlantic cable as "a rope with Philistines talking inutilities at each end." You, better inspired, and giving your yearning its head, exclaim,

World! what a wonder is this,  
Grandly and simply sublime!

You then supplied a strophe for the first message, and an antistrophe for the second; but I do not know whether they were cabled.

Mr. Gladstone owes you a sonnet,

with early half prophetic ken  
I hailed thy greatness in my college days,—

The vates, the poet, is ever the seer!

How can I end better, Sir, than by quoting your Ode to the Union?

So, a peerless constellation,  
May those stars forever blaze!  
Three and ten times threefold nation,  
Go ahead in power and praise.  
Like the many-breasted goddess,  
Throned in her Ephesian ear,  
Be one heart with many bodies,  
Sister States, as now ye are.

Artemis of the Ephesians, as a matter of mere archaeological detail, had not "many bodies," but "rhymes are stubborn things."

On perusing your works for the first time, Sir, I can easily see that, as Mr. Matthew Arnold said of Mr. Tennyson, you "were the most popular of our poets,—and richly deserved to be so." Why the wasps and Arabs, and scorpion Detraction, with her mile of rope, pursued you, stung you, and increased your circulation, I cannot imagine. You wrote, Sir, for Anglo-Saxons, the offspring of

Brythonic mothers, and you wrote, in an unaffected and cheerful manner, exactly what suited your audience. I do not reckon you at all inferior to many, or most, of the latest poets who have been discovered by the newspapers.

Faithfully yours,  
A. LANG.

## THE CHEER OF THE MEN WHO SPEAK ENGLISH

THE playground is heavy with silence,  
The match is almost done,  
The boys in the lengthening shadows  
Work hard for one more run—  
It comes: and the field is a-twinkle  
With happy arms in air,  
While over the ground  
Rolls the masterful sound  
Of victory reveling there:  
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!  
Three cheers, and a tiger, too,  
For the match we have won  
And each sturdy son  
Who carried the victory through!  
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!  
With clear voices uptossed  
For the side that has lost,  
And one cheer more  
For those winning before  
And all who shall ever win:  
The cry that our boys send in—  
The cheer of the boys who speak English!

The ships-of-the-line beat to quarters,  
The drum and bugle sound,  
The lanterns of battle are lighted,  
"Cast off! Provide!" goes round;  
But ere the shrill order is given  
For broadsides hot with hate,  
Far over the sea  
Thunders hearty and free  
Defiance to every fate:  
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!  
Three cheers, and a tiger, too,  
For the fight to be won  
And each sturdy son  
Who'll carry the victory through!  
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!  
With the shout of the fleet  
For foes doomed to defeat,  
And one cheer more  
For those winning before,  
And all who shall win again:  
This is the cry of the men—  
The cheer of the men who speak English!

The blare of the battle is over;  
The Starry Flag flies on;  
The sailors in tremulous quiet  
Look down on comrades gone;  
The pitiful prayers are all ended;  
The sea obtains its dead;—  
Or ever the wave  
Ripples over their grave,  
One staunch good-bye is said:  
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!  
Three cheers, and a tiger, too,  
For the men who have won,  
For each freeman's son  
Who gave up his life to be true!  
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!  
With the shout of the host  
For the brothers we've lost,  
And one cheer more  
For those falling before  
And those who have yet to fall:  
This is the cry of us all—  
The cheer of the folk who speak English!

WALLACE DE GROOT RICE.

## A GREAT CONDUCTOR



ANTON SEIDL

**T**HAT CONTRARIETY OF FATE which has become proverbial many times over, has now closed the career of Anton Seidl, just as he was on the point of attaining his broadest and most merited reputation, and so deprived the world of the services of an able man entering upon his highest usefulness. For the youth of whom Richard Wagner could write many years ago, "He is a young artist I have trained myself, who is doing wonderful things," developed into an orchestral conductor known both in Europe and America as a most successful interpreter of Wagnerian music, repaying his master with that enthusiastic devotion which so readily opens the way to the heart.

Anton Seidl was to have been the head of the New York orchestra, and to have conducted a series of concerts and operas in London. He became known in the old world metropolis as long ago as 1877, when he arranged the preliminary rehearsals for the Albert Hall (Nibelung) concerts. America is indebted to him for the first productions, all under his direction, of the *Meistersinger* (January, 1886), *Tristan* (December, 1886), *Siegfried* (November, 1887), *Götterdämmerung* (January, 1888), and the *Rheingold* (January, 1889). It was Seidl who first brought to New York a breath from the very air of Bayreuth, just as it was

Hans Richter who performed a similar service for London.

The preparation was a long one: In 1872 the young German was given the toilsome position of musical secretary to Wagner as an especial favor. He entered upon his duties with that union of zest and tact which is needed to insure success when dealing with genius. Once only his discretion failed him—some years after the event he remembered so vividly Wagner's first playing of what became the Flower Song in *Parsifal* that his master took it as an accusation of plagiarism, and for days after would say, when playing, "And you have heard this before, also?" From musical secretary he became friend and intimate. His duties were multifarious and, as their recital discloses, not without compensations. He trained the solo singers and the male chorus for the *Götterdämmerung*, and persuaded the Rhine maidens to swim gracefully and in time, before the great festival of 1876. He wrote to defend the æsthetic propriety of Fafner, the singing sentimental dragon. He preserved for us knowledge of that characteristic episode wherein Wagner permitted himself to miss a train and an important engagement because humanity compelled him to behead, penknife in hand, some fish he saw wriggling in a market-woman's basket. Finally, he so fulfilled the master's ideal of a conductor, that he became the central figure in the protracted and bootless quarrel between Hülsen of the Berlin opera and Wagner of the Bayreuth festival. "I will play the *Walküre*," said the one. "You will play the Tetralogy, or nothing," replied the other. He of Berlin took four years to consider the matter, a year for each opera, and gave in his adhesion. "Now," responded the composer, "you will have to present these works of mine properly and in order, and that necessitates the directorship of this good Seidl, who is so near my heart." Thus ended the negotiations, which were as famous as fruitless. From the musical secretaryship to the directorship of the one hundred and thirty-three performances given by Neumann's wandering Nibelung Theater, and thence to the international fame which nothing less than death could have kept from enhancement, there is no breach of artistic continuity in his life. Had Anton Seidl lived, he would have been the greatest of his master's interpreters; dead, he leaves no one greater to survive him.

## LIEBIG'S EXTRACT OF ORTHODOXY

**W**HEN o'er thy hollow caverns, O great sea,  
 Immutable waves wash up and fall away,  
 And Venus rises with insidious luster gay,  
 While Cynthia shines on vast Parthenope;  
 O, far and far thy resonant sound shall be  
 Till Time is floated on yon bar no more,  
 Till etern shades envelop waste and shore:  
 And where these lines are at no soul can see.  
 Not you, nor I, nor any other man,  
 But, since laboriously in them I've brought  
 The trite old names from "Cynthia" to "Pan:"  
 Because I've used big words and not a thought,  
 Because they will not parse, nor rhyme, nor scan:  
 Methinks by Harper's, or by Century they'll be bought.

RUTH HALL.

## REVIEWS

## WHAT FREE SPANISH-AMERICA CAN DO

THE AWAKENING OF A NATION: THE MEXICO OF TO-DAY.—  
By Charles F. Lummis. 12mo. Harper & Bros. \$2.50.

IN demonstrating, once for all, what excellent work a Spanish-speaking nation can do in an administrative way once it has crawled from under the incubus of Spain and Spanish tradition, the latest of the books on Mexico assumes importance. The present generation has seen Chile take its place among nations, its patriotism quickened into effectiveness through the (usually) unsafe medium of successful war. And it has also seen Brazil sink back into semi-anarchy, once its beneficent despot was exiled. But Mexico may be said to have combined both these experiences under Diaz, also a beneficent despot, and to have steadily advanced to a position of which every lover of freedom may well be proud. Diaz is a later-day Washington—we of the North may well shudder to think what orphans these States might have become had the *Patres patriæ* been educated in government under Spain.

Mr. Lummis, the author here, is not a philosophical historian. He belongs to the school of enthusiasts—like Cobbett, James, or Abbott. He has a knowledge of Latin-America which is bewildering in its richness—but it is a literary knowledge. He makes little attempt to deduce lessons for his countrymen from the experiences of their southern neighbors; though there appear to be a number which can be learned to advantage. He does not, on the other hand, formulate any rule whereby other Latin-American nations may be persuaded into solidarity. He takes and leaves Mexico as he finds it to-day, and has found it for several years—a nation so wisely guided that it is moving, seven leagues at a stride and safely, to usefulness, both industrial and artistic.

To find lessons in the book, it is only needful to consider the questions of taxation and education, as seen by the eyes of Diaz. Mexico has just abolished the octroi and is substituting stamp duties and a tax on property, under which the heavier burdens are to fall on those who can best afford to meet them. The income from a tariff which is utterly unnecessary in a country doubly protected by the silver standard is decreasing, even while its effects are to be seen in increasing the revenue from the stamp and property taxes; the country will soon be as self-contained as our own. The development of the revenue system is along sound lines; while ours grows more barbaric with every year. Why cannot some of the innumerable kindergartens established through the republic, be devoted to the education of "visiting statesmen," Gringos, with Diaz as *kindergärtner*? The entire matter of education is also dealt with wisely and satisfactorily—the Mexican aborigines occupying much the place there that our illiterate immigrants fill here. Every hamlet has a successful school, Mr. Lummis tells us; every individual State a modern normal school, and the whole is centralized by technical schools and universities. Best of

all, every little Mexican boy and girl is learning English—probably the most comprehensive compliment ever paid by one people to another, not excepting Rome's ancient attitude towards Greek.

It would have been well if there had been no broadening of the brief the book holds for Mexico, its president and its people, to make it include a panegyric of Spanish methods of administration. The work contends that the absence of racial prejudice between men of Castilian, aboriginal, and African descent, including the numberless interminglings of them, is due to teachings imbibed before Mexican independence was declared. It is hardly needful to call attention to the fact that the Spanish peasant holds himself to-day, as he has always held himself, superior to the statesman of colonial birth—to the North American as to the American from the Central or Southern part of the hemisphere—or to cite the feeling in Cuba now, as proof of the direct contrary. That Spain has dealt more satisfactorily with her Indians than we have with ours, may be perfectly true, and not in the least complimentary to Spain. As a matter of history, it is only where the aborigines have dwelt in mountain fastnesses, or impenetrable forests, or have preponderated greatly in numbers that they have escaped extermination at Spanish hands. Where, now, are the island races which gave us the words "hammock," "canoe," and "maize?" There is aboriginal blood in President Diaz, and Mr. Lummis likens it to our electing Tecumseh to the chief magistracy—has he never met a descendant of Pocahontas or some other distinguished redskin? We of the North are also proud of such blood—in reason. The fact is that years of common and undying hatred of Spain have had a greater influence in welding together colonists, negro and Indian, than any other influence Spain has had to exert, or would have exerted if she could.

If it be asked what the book contains of prophecy in respect of some new nation—Cuba, for example—which is to rise from Spanish ashes, this is to be taken for the answer: A man of exceeding talent for administration, a Washington or a Diaz, may lead it into the green pastures of prosperity at the outset. But true progress can only be made by an almost impossible—because of the haste to be made—reform of the administration of justice, taxation, educational methods, and nearly everything else which characterizes the mother country. And all this is to be found between the lines of *The Awakening of a Nation* and not in them. Yet the experience of these United States is sufficient proof of this contention. We, too, have learned to prosper in spite of our inheritance. Those who contrast our government with Great Britain's and despair, forget that the problems arising from universal schooling and the dangerous half-knowledge it begets, are still to be faced in a land wherein manhood suffrage is not yet out of the experimental stage.

In conclusion, Mr. Lummis's book contains consummate disproof, both of the "manifest destiny" theory of the American and the "Heritor-of-the-Earth" hypothesis of the English-speaking



race. Here will be found the charm of Janvier's tales in combination with the impressiveness of statistics. If the writer have fallen under the fascination of President Diaz's personality, he can point to a nation which bears him company. As for the loving appreciation of the architecture, picturesqueness, and skill in the minor arts exhibited by these children of subtler artistic sense than we, every word the book contains excites our Northern envy. But it is doubtful if we are ripe yet for annexation to Mr. Lummis's modern paradise.

### A SMASHER OF IMAGES

EMERSON AND OTHER ESSAYS.—By John Jay Chapman.  
12mo. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.25.

**M**R. JOHN JAY CHAPMAN is a man of ideas, which he uses as so many clubs. With them he bullies our poor little preconceived notions, our humble partialities, our inoffensive prejudices, until they are glad to huddle together on any view-point he may indicate. Then he raises a big cloud of dust. We feel that he is smashing things, and we confidently expect, when the dust has cleared away, to find that our idols have been shorn of a nose, an arm, or even of the precious halo. Statuary, in the contemplation of which we have always left even our umbrellas and canes outside, he boldly clips to suit his purpose.

More than this, he uses but one club on each idol. He is not fickle, but sticks to the weapon of his first choice. One bludgeon does for the whole job. We get used to the sight of it; begin unconsciously to feel like wielding it; at least like to watch how it swings.

In the first essay of his series of re-estimates, the controlling idea is briefly this: that Emerson is great as a means of mental stimulus, but has no content wherewith to satisfy the excitement that stimulus arouses. All men are alike in one respect—that they have in them the divinity of the individual. The individual is everything, is all in all, is capable of anything, provided, only, he seizes every opportunity as it comes. Character springs into the world full-grown and divine. Development cannot improve it, for it is already in itself perfect. Since this is so, it follows that if a man fails, he fails not from incapability, but from moral cowardice. Such is the gist of Emerson's philosophy. Against this cowardice all his powers are directed, and this is the meaning of his whole body of work. Moral cowardice is the cause of men's baseness—this is the foundation of Emerson's system. That is the idea which Mr. Chapman would have us allow him as a weapon.

Once allowed, with what terrible freedom does he use it! Since that thought is the foundation of Emerson's philosophy, he says, it follows logically that Emerson could have no conception of development, for development supposes a character at first incomplete. He could have no conception of art, for art strives to fix the ever-fleeting image of men's minds, the ever-varying emotions of

men's souls, and such a convention would fail were all men alike in character. He could have no heart, no flesh, no living, pulsating, human red blood, for his ideal is in a moral quality, and his idea of the end of man is in a purely spiritual condition. He could have no sympathy, for his doctrine of self-sufficient individualism would preclude that. He could have no appreciation of the beauty of anything foreign to New England, for, again, his ideal is supersensuous. Before we know it, we find ourselves surrounded by the woeful debris of our idol.

Having demolished Emerson's prose, the essayist turns to Emerson's poetry. The destroying idea here is very peculiar. It is, in brief, this: that by a sudden mental shock, induced by strange half-mystic ideas, the mind of the reader is thrown into a sort of hypnosis. In this state it is distinctly receptive. It is prepared, by the "sense of mystery and expansion" which it experiences, to entertain great and noble thoughts untrammelled by other claims on its attention. These great and noble thoughts, Mr. Chapman insists, Emerson does not offer. He induces the receptive condition, but fails to furnish the content. "He stops in the antechamber." And this, once more, is because Emerson has not human sympathies, but is a "pale diaphanous seraph shot with blood."

As for Whitman: why, he is a glorified tramp! If the ordinary car-truck-riding, dinner-begging, happy-go-lucky hobo could write down what he thought and felt, he would be a second Whitman. The same love of the open air, the same independence, the same scorn of convention, the same carelessness as to the so-called "serious" things of life characterize the one and the other. "Walt Whitman has given utterance to the soul of a tramp." The idea is plausible enough, and Mr. Chapman begs our gift of it very prettily. We give it. The club swings. In a trice Whitman's poor pretense at culture has crumbled, his patriotism is gone, his poses are blown aside, his intellect reduced to the vanishing point. He is finally characterized as a quack poet—with a few good points.

Browning catches it next, but escapes comparatively whole. We have always known that his verse forms were defective. We have often come to a wearied conviction that sometimes his thoughts were obscure—but we never knew before that he had but two of them! We now learn that he spent his life in saying (1) that the most important thing in the world is the soul of man, and (2) that a sense of effort is coincident with development. Indeed, "there never was a great poet whose scope was so definite." Hence a certain lack of the dramatic element, a certain repetition, a certain obscurity, a certain sameness of characters, which mark our image as being of smashable clay—and poor workmanship at that.

But the destroyer breaks our hearts along with our idol when he pulverizes Stevenson. We have confessed a weakness for stirring adventure, for quaint character, for lucidly expressed and simple thought, which Stevenson humored in the most delightfully human of ways. If we ever wanted to forget there were such things as ordinary and

aggravating people, whose mission in life seems to be to stand as so many signboards, pointing to disagreeable duties, we have just stolen breathlessly away with Alan Breck into the Heather. Now we learn we have been undignified, and have not put away childish things. For Stevenson is a boy, and, what is more, an Imitative Boy. He writes self-consciously because he is young in art. This is evident, for are we not in the habit of saying that he has a "good style?" When a person really has a good style, we don't notice it enough to say so. Instead of being good, his style is reminiscent and imitative. "When he (Stevenson) says he longs for a 'moment of style,' he means that he wishes there would come floating through his head a memory of some other man's way of writing, to which he could modulate his sentences." When we thought he was adapting his means to his ends, it seems that he was, of course unconsciously, merely giving us clever reproductions. Therefore, he "represents a backward movement in literature," because he was "the Improvisatore and nothing more." We who enjoy him are wasting our intellectual substance on shadows. "When the latest Palace Hotel orders a hundred thousand dollars worth of Louis XV furniture to be made—and most well made—in Buffalo, and when the American public gives Stevenson an order for Pulvis at Umbra—the same forces are at work in each case. It is Chicago making culture hum."

The worst of it all is, Mr. Chapman is so polite about it. He agrees with us cordially in our praise of our idols' good points. Indeed, yes; Emerson is spiritual, is inspiring, is lofty, and noble; Whitman is human, and in sympathy with red life, and with nature; Browning is powerful and soul-satisfying, and real; Stevenson is of charming personality, of playful humor, of skillful talent. Far be it that Mr. Chapman should deny it. He even indicates a great many good points that we have never noticed before, praises them sympathetically, discriminatingly, puts us in quite good humor with our own critical judgment—and then, crash! an offending nose is gone!

Yet, after all, perhaps we will see he is right. Perhaps we are a little dazed by the shock, and mistake for iconoclasm something quite different. At first we are doubtful of our Great Men, and leave to contemporary opinion the slow formation of our own. Then we accept them, and their words become as gospel to us, and must not be denied. Finally, we begin to get a faint impression, which we dare not acknowledge to ourselves, that perhaps, after all, our great man may not be a universal genius, but may have his limitations. Then comes the re-estimate. It puts into objective form the faint impression which we would like to trust, but dare not. It shows in thought what we feel. It interprets what is in reality our final judgment, puts it before us, and bids us assign the Great Man his proper place. At first this startles us; then enlightens us; then earns our gratitude. We find that a re-estimate does not destroy images, but defines them, as a smoked glass the sun. Our idol is the same, but we see it more plainly.

## AMERICAN LITERATURE

INTRODUCTION TO AMERICAN LITERATURE.—By Henry S. Pancoast. 16mo. Henry Holt & Co.

OF the number of Introductions to American Literature which have lately appeared, that of Professor Henry S. Pancoast is the most thorough-going and satisfactory. While Professor Brander Matthews touches upon the salient points in our literary growth, and calls attention to the merits and the influence of our famous authors, and Professor F. V. M. Painter takes the reader into the immediate presence of these writers by means of liberal extracts from their works, Professor Pancoast succeeds, in the volume before us, better than either of his predecessors in waking a live interest in American letters. The student is invited to do something more than simply enjoy and profit by the works of our poets and prose writers; he is encouraged in the commendable effort to give these works, and their authors with them, their true place among the forces slowly but surely converging toward a unity of national thought, feeling, and character.

This treatment of literature, never to be neglected, is especially welcome in America; for our literature is as yet comparatively unimportant, and it is here, in particular, that it should be clearly seen who and what we really are. When the entire field shall have been exhaustively treated after the method of Professor Tyler in his *Literary History of the Revolution*, the way will be opened much wider than it is now to the comprehension of the actualities, of the strength and weakness, of the requirement and the needs of the American people. The publication already of several such books as Professor Pancoast's *Introduction* is warrant for the belief that in time we shall have exhaustive works of the character indicated.

We would not leave the impression that the historic estimate overshadows the literary estimate in the present volume. Such is, by no means, the case. The reader is assisted by judicious subdivisions, by chronological tables, and by an index containing some 1,400 entries. This last feature exhibits the one blemish worthy of mention. The author that can write a good book and crown his work with an index wholly worthy of it is a much rarer being than the poet. There must be some mystic difficulty when it comes to indexing, or authors of the intelligence and directness of Professor Pancoast would never refer us to Cooperstown and Newbury under such alphabetizing as *History of Cooperstown*, *History of Newbury*.

## ILLUSTRATED INTIMACY

A LEGEND OF CAMELOT.—Pictures and Poems, etc. By George Du Maurier. 4to. Harper & Bros.

THAT pleasant little feeling of being in the writer's confidence, which added so mightily to Du Maurier's charm in his books, was assuredly present in his work for *Punch*. Social satire, in the text to his characteristic scenes of the drawing-room, not





Un vieux due (le meilleur des époux)  
Demandait (on lui tâtant le poulx)  
À sa vieille duchesse  
(Qu'un vieux catarrhe oppresse):—  
"Et ton thé, t'a-t-il ôté ta toux?"



Le chagrin stimulait tant (dit-on)  
L'appétit de la chaste Didon,  
Qu'à la fuite d'Énée  
La belle délaissée  
Dina du dos d'un dodu dindon.



Il existe une Espinistère à Tours,  
Un peu vite, et qui porte toujours  
Un ulsteur peau-de-phoque,  
Un chapeau bilicoque,  
Et des niereboqueurs en velours.



"Cassez-vous, cassez-vous, cassez-vous,  
O mer, sur vos froids gris cailloux!"  
Ainsi traduisait Laure  
Au profit d'Isidore  
(Bon jeune homme, et son futur époux).



only called upon you to enjoy it with its creator, but admitted you to his mental processes. Just as it was possible to believe that the placing—in point of time—of the lines of his drawings gave a notion of the theory behind his draughtsmanship, so the little provocative sting of wit could be conceived as welling into his brain, just as it was to prick its way into your own, later. Appreciation of Du Maurier's wit, whether with pen or pencil, was, to an extent, self-appreciation—which will account for his popularity in good part.

When a lot of things from Punch are bound together, as in the large portfolio volume published by the Harpers, under the name of its first poem, *A Legend of Camelot*, this impression strengthens itself. Trilby had the largest measure of popular appreciation, perhaps, because it had the greatest share of this autobiographical revelation. This will answer to many of the delightfully witty things in this recent book. Then, there was also in it that delightful French which was real French—not the Stratford-on-the-Bowe variety, in the Ohlendorffian species, with its wealth of green umbrellas belonging to the purple cat of the gray aunt's blue sister, but the French, which can only be learned once and never afterward, which is itself a diploma cum laude from the college of those who know their Paris.

This is also the French in which Du Maurier wrote his *Vers Nonsensiques*—a French unknown to the Academy or Littré—unknown to the Parisians themselves, except those of them fortunate enough to cosmopolitanize themselves by contact with the students to whom English is a mother-tongue. It is as notably successful in translating Lear's jingles into foreign phrases as Isidore, *bon jeune homme*, was unfortunate with his extract from Tennyson.

### LE GALLIENNISM

THE ROMANCE OF ZION CHAPEL.—By Richard Le Gallienne. 12mo. John Lane.

**A** GAIN comes that devil of a pretty fellow, Mr. Richard LeGallienne, with his pose—now a little set—of intimate acquaintance with the roses and raptures of vice. There was one very like him once on this side the water, but he joined an embroidery class and made languid lilies on prepared canvas, which is much better than dressing poetically and publishing.

In *The Romance of Zion Chapel* Mr. LeGallienne tries his very best to tell a real story, but as soon as the rustle of skirts is heard, on about the third page, he is off with the old "ballad of burdens"—the burden of bright colors, the burden of sweet speeches, and the burden of sad sayings.

The amorous naiveté of the *Golden Girl* was hard to endure with patience, but the attempt here made to deal with serious lives and loves approaches the grotesque.

A wonderful non-conformist minister, born not only to bring Morris wallpapers and Walt Whit-

man to Gasometer street, but to shake London with new philosophies, loves two ladies; one chosen by himself, and one made to order for him by that God with whom the author has long been on very easy terms. With the lack of humor usually shown by ministers and lovers, he cries out against a stupid world which will not let the three enter into a triple alliance, partly spiritual but largely fleshly—Philistines who will not recognize the exquisite fineness of an *egoisme à trois*! Here, after all, is but the lover of the Quest, and Jenny, who marks her trousseau handkerchiefs with lettered tapes, and Isabel with the Rossetti mouth are but externalizations of this insatiate lover with his bumble-bee habit of flying and empty buzzing.

So intentionally precious is the text that when one comes upon something which shines truly, one is meanly tempted to pronounce it spurious also. One suspects the man "whose tongue slumbered in his mouth, for he was an old, weary man," and distrusts the "stern old trees that have meetings one knows not of, far beneath the ground, where their roots are twisted and twined in a wonderful embrace there in the dark, though the gay young leaves no longer kiss across in the morning sun."

The perverse and peculiar flavor of *Le-Gallienism* permeates every chapter, but its most pronounced bad taste is at the close of this drama of three deaths; Jenny, having died of a minutely distasteful tuberculosis, has passionately communicated it to her minister lover in a last kiss. He, as a last *bonne-bouche*, sends for his surviving love, and they together enact this inspiring scene. Having eaten "great grapes," they pledged each other in wine, scientifically poisoned by the lady, dying promptly and entirely, without an unbecoming contortion, but "with their eyes firm and sweet upon each."

It may be said without fear of contradiction that only an overworked dilettanteism could mix such a meringue.

The reading world is, however, not greatly deceived, and in the language of Miss Vesta Tilley's music-hall song:

He is very well known, is Richard—  
As a Piccadilly Dickie, with his little glass—I.

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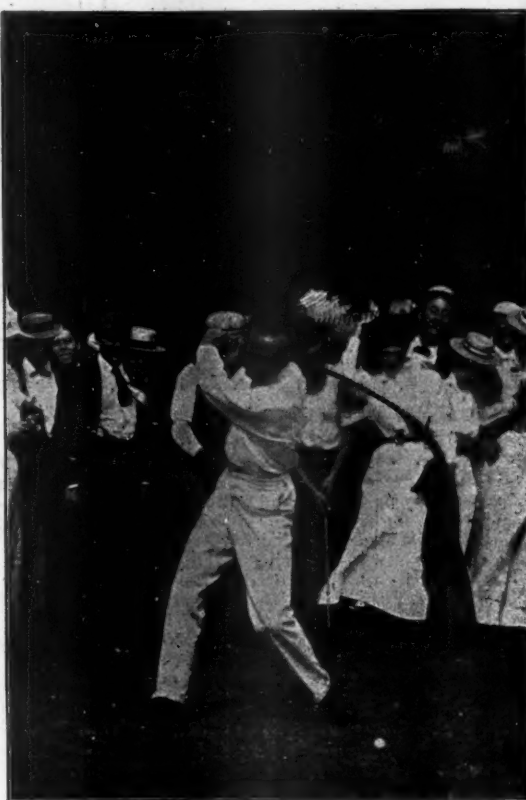
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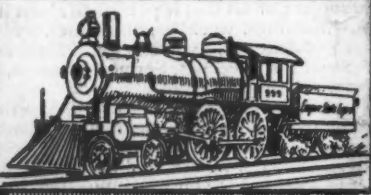
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